

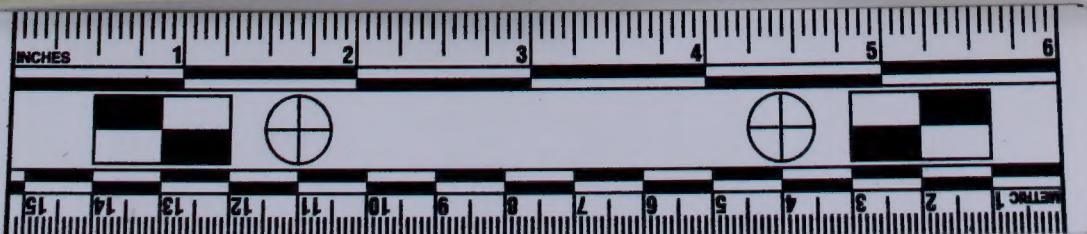
Columbus, Ohio, November 18th 1903

638 North High St. Flat # 9.

My dear Edith:

I wonder if you have any Idea how many anxious moments you have given me? I feel like I want to get hold of you and give you a good spanking. When you wrote to me last I was so glad to hear from you, in the letter you said that you had something that you wanted to tell me, I answered at once and have never heard from you since, I lost your address so could not write again, I asked Mrs. Millard to get it for me, but she was away in New York state for the summer so that it was so long before I heard from her, and then I guess she had forgotten that I wanted your address, Well I got it yesterday and here I am writing to you today.

I do hope that you will write if it is only a line to tell me if you are sick or well. I was so afraid that you were down sick away from everybody that you know, I have your address but I have not heard a word about you, I had a visit from Mr. McCutcheon her son was here with the Soldiers he was leaving for Alaska, his mother came to say good-by to him, staged with me while she was here, when she went home I asked her if she would tell Mrs. E. to send me your Address, I received a short note from Mrs. McC to tell me that she got home safe, inclosed was your address, and that is all I know about Dede. I presume that you are surprised to see that I am in Columbus, I have been here almost three months, I guess I like it well enough. When I first came here how I wished for you, so that we could run around and find out all about the town. Had you been in Pittsburgh I would have tried to prevail upon you to make my house your head-quarters for the winter, taken a case for a week or two when you needed a new shirt



or pants, or some such thing, then come back and rest up good and get fat.  
Will is away most of the time, I am afraid that we will have to move again before long, Oh how I hate this moving.

I hope Edith dear that you are well and doing well.

I have not been well this last two weeks, but it is only a cold, Today I am much better, and I hope to be in my usual health it a day or two. X When I am sick I always think of Dede, for Sweet-heart you are the only person that ever babied me, I always do the mothering for others, and somehow or other they all think that I don't need, or don't care to be petted when I am just like other people. Never mind dear dede Peggie will always think of the nice little love pats you have given me.

X I was so sick last winter, and how I longed for some-one to do some-thing for me without being told to do it. What a silly thing I am to write this blue stuff to you, Well I will quit.

Edith Will has a Parrott I call it Peter.

Q He is a cute little fellow but what a bother the thing is.

Now I will stop for this time, and Please dear do write me a little bit of a letter, Bill so often wonders what has become of Dede.

J Lovingly Your own Peggie.

